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AGRICULTURE.

[Written for the Rural World and Valley Farmer.]

Cheese-Dairying in the West.

The West is not generally suited to dairying. This is on account of the scarcity of water—not only scarcity, but purity. Stagnant water or water highly impregnated is not fit for milch cows. In this respect it is allied to impure pasture. For instance, leeks, cabbage, turnips, &c., will impart their flavor to milk, and thence to butter and cheese. Pasture, therefore, must be clean in order to make the best of dairy products—and a poor article will not pay. This has been sufficiently demonstrated. It costs seven cents to produce a gallon of milk, and a gallon will make a pound and a few ounces of cheese. This is according to the old rates, before the war.

Not only pure water does the West lack, but fresh pastures during the heats of summer. There are, however, exceptions; and where these occur, cheese may be made successfully. All the appliances of the East may be appropriated here. The factory system, with all its advantages, may be at once adopted with all the experience in making cheese. It needs but the proper selection of locality—pure water and continued fresh grass. The heat, in more southern latitudes, is something of an objection, but can be remedied by proper management.

The West has this advantage over the East, that it can produce cheese at a less aggregate expense, on account of the cheapness of land, the interest of which is so much gain. Land is high in the East, and it costs highly to keep it in fertility. The West need (at present) but work its soil, with no extra labor to keep it up, as the great richness and depth of soil generally precludes that necessity. It is true, it costs more in transportation—but not much. And dairying, especially cheese-making, in a favorable location, is more remunerative than farming. This is a clearly established fact. A man needs but to select from the native stock of the country—cross that if he pleases, or not—and secure a good cheese-maker, who will not only direct in what is necessary in the way of implements or machinery, but give other, general directions, where these are wanting in the proprietor. (It will pay to pay well for an accomplished cheese-maker). There can be no loss. A good site; a good overseer (of the cheese-room); proper utensils, and there is no loss—but, on the other hand, gain of best of farming. It needs but be introduced all things must be.

The East fears the West in this respect now trying, with its perfection of machinery and fact, to outdo Europe in the manufacture of cheese. Its producing ability is already established. America can produce cheese for what the milk for the same quantity of cheese is worth in England. It needs but an improvement in quality to lay the business entirely in Europe. And that is the endeavor of our Dairy Associations now. There is concert, system, and science, which they now bring to

this. And they will succeed. They have already produced cheese as good as the famous Cheddar brand of Great Britain. This has been done in several factories, we believe, in Ohio—we know it has been the case in Herkimer county, N. Y., as we are acquainted with the party, Hobson of Salisbury. Great strides have been made the past season in the improved quality of cheese. The factory system favors this.

There are numerous factories instituted in the various dairy regions. Some are more successful than others. They average about nine and a half pounds of milk to the cheese, varying less than a pound—varying little, but some, in quality, as well as quantity. This is owing in part to the manufacture, and in part to the advantages of water and pasture. Timothy (and June grass by some) is considered the best as to quality in cheese; this grown on upland.

Cleanliness is another requisite to good cheese; it is a necessity. Much stress is laid upon this point by all our dairymen of the East, as well as those of England.

There need be no risk then for the West, in favorable localities, to engage in cheese-making. There is no failure about it, or but slightly, comparatively speaking. For a long time resident in the best dairy region of the country (central New York), and a participant in the business himself, the writer knows whereof he speaks. It needs but a start—and a permanent success (which the raising of wheat or corn will not secure) will follow a faithful prosecution of the business. There is risk in farming—the farmer has many enemies to contend with—there is but little in cheese-dairying. In great drouth is the most danger, when the milk shrinks in consequence of scant herbage. But this affects grain at the same time.

EASTERN DAIRYMAN.

CULTURE OF OATS.

The culture of oats of late years has been attended with great profit. None of the grain crops are more easily raised and none are more productive. As food for horses and sheep it is unsurpassed. The straw, if cut before fully ripe, and properly cured, is almost equal to hay. If our farmers would raise more oats to feed their horses, instead of giving them so much corn, it would be far better for them.

The time is at hand in this latitude for sowing the seed. From many years' experience we have learned the importance of sowing it early. Last spring we sowed in February, and had a fine crop, notwithstanding the drouth, but those who waited till the last of March or first of April had very poor crops generally. The straw from early sown seed is stronger, and not near as liable to lodge as that from late sown seed. In clayey soils it is better to plow the land in the fall, and then in any open weather in February, the planting can be done. If the ground was not plowed in the fall, no time should be lost in plowing now. Plow deep and well. Perhaps it is less important for this crop than most others, yet it pays one well to prepare the ground thoroughly for any crop.

Don't be afraid to sow plenty of seed. Three or four bushels to the acre is not too much. It

is a good crop to raise when the land is to be seeded to clover. In harvesting it, it should be cut just as the straw is beginning to change its color. The seed will be heavier if cut thus early, and the straw will be far better for stock. The oat crop is an important one, and if our directions for cultivating it are followed, it will be found a profitable one.

THE SHOVEL PLOW.

ED. RURAL WORLD: There is nothing that can excel it. It has proved the best thing for keeping the soil in a moist, pliable condition, in a dry season, I ever tried—and every one who has used it, will never give it for any other. Every one who used it the past season, had splendid corn. Those using the mold-board plow had not half a crop. For six years, I have not failed to raise good crops of corn and potatoes. You can go into your crops as soon as they break through the ground. It saves hoeing, and runs deeper than any other—does not turn up the moist ground to the sun as the other plows; and, lastly, its cost is not more than half.

A SUBSCRIBER.

SWINE.

The best breed of hogs for general purposes, and particularly for farmers who raise pork for the slaughter house, to be sold in large droves, is the Chester White. But we hear that they are not doing as well as formerly. The reason of this is doubtless that breeding has not been carried on with sufficient care. There has been too much in-and-in breeding. Many farmers formerly bought a pair of Chester White hogs, and have been breeding from them and their descendants ever since. If they had kept up their importations; they would now have no cause to complain. The hog will degenerate from in-and-in breeding quicker than any other animal. Let farmers make a note of this, and make frequent exchanges, or obtain fresh additions to their breeding swine.

WINTER BARLEY.

From a great many sources we hear that winter barley has been badly winter killed. A good crop may still be raised, if farmers have got the nerve to follow our advice and the season should be at all favorable. We have seen splendid crops raised in this way.

Barley commands now nearly as high a price as wheat and nearly double the quantity of grain can be produced to the acre. Hence it is far more profitable than wheat. Indeed, barley for several years past has been one of our most profitable grain crops. Flax seed can be sown with barley later in the season than we shall here recommend for sowing barley, and a good yield obtained. We have raised it in this way with decided profit. As it runs through the fanning mill it is easily screened from the barley.

But to the raising of a crop the present season. If the plants have been winter killed, lose no time in again plowing the ground and getting it ready for the seed. Sow the seed just as early this month as it will answer. Sow the winter barley, if it can be got in this month; put it in well, and if the season is fair you may expect a good crop. We have known many farmers to sow winter barley in February, and get good crops. If you cannot sow the seed till the middle of March, plant spring barley—though a good yield is rather uncertain. Whichever you sow, lose no time in planting at once.

Hedges of Native Thorn.

There are several varieties of thorn in this locality [Sussex Co., N. J., says a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, from which we take the following.] that appear to be very hardy, and are vigorous and persistent growers. If they will grow as well under cultivation as they do wild, I think they will make an excellent hedge, and as I would like to have some fences of that kind, I have procured a quantity of the berries for planting. Can you inform me when and how to plant them? Should the berries be planted whole, or the seeds be taken from them? If they are to be planted in spring, how are they to be kept through the winter?

Answer.—The berries should be washed free from the pulp while yet fresh, and the seed thus obtained immediately mixed with moist sand, and exposed to freezing and thawing during winter. If this mixture of sand and seed is buried in contact with the earth, very near the surface, and covered with a flat stone, they will probably do well. In short, they should be treated precisely as a nurseryman treats cherry stones. The seed of some kinds of thorn, when thus well treated, will grow the first year; others require two years; but none will grow in less than two years, if at all, where the seed or berries have been allowed to become quite dry for several weeks. Some species of the native thorn, more especially the Cockspur and Washington, have made excellent hedges, where the indispensable requisites have been observed of—1st, A uniform and even row of plants without gaps; 2d, A broad strip of mellow, well cultivated, clean soil on both sides of the hedge for several years; and, 3d, A regular system of thickening by cutting back. The liability of native thorns to the attacks of mice, the borer, the rust on the leaf, and leaf and fire blight, is the reason that these hedges, formerly much raised, have been latterly given up. But there may be portions of the country where these disasters may not occur at all.

DEEP PLOWING FOR WHEAT.

ED. RURAL WORLD: Five or six years ago, I laid off my wheat-field in lands thirty feet wide. The first I plowed with a two-horse plow about seven inches deep; the second in the same way, and followed in the same furrow with a one-horse plow, loosening the ground about four inches deeper; the third, was plowed with two yoke of oxen and a two-horse plow, about eleven inches deep. The whole field was alternated in the same way. It was all sown with the same seed and received the same treatment. No perceptible difference could be observed at any period of its growth, nor at harvest.

In 1862, I plowed my wheat ground in July about eight inches deep. In August I re-broke a part of it with a "Peeler Subsoil," about twelve inches deep. It was all sown broadcast and double harrowed both ways. The part re-broken was rolled immediately after it was harrowed; the other was not. I gathered four bushels from the part that was not sub-soiled, to where I got one from that which was.

Marion Co., Mo.

FEEDING SHEEP.

G. Foster, Iowa. You will undoubtedly find Hungarian grass good feed for sheep. We have seen those who have used it, and they think highly of it. As the seed is very rich and nutritive, you should not give them too much at first, or it may founder them. When the ground is frozen to feed sheep upon, we should not go to the trouble of husking corn, but feed it from the shock. They will eat the corn and stalk also. Sheep are very fond of well cured corn stalks, and sheep raisers should cut all their corn and put it in shocks before frost to feed them upon in winter. They should have about an ear each per day.

You should have a warm place in which to put your lambs and poor sheep, and give them extra feed and care. If left with the flock, the strong sheep will have the advantage, eating up the best food quickly and leaving the poor ones to get along as they may.

FILTERING CANE JUICE.

It is a great advantage to rid the juice as much as possible of floating particles, or suspended matter, which it contains, before heating it, and we are satisfied that this is not sufficiently regarded by operators. The qualities of these substances must, of course, be communicated to the juice when they are boiled in it, as they are completely decocted by the fluid—besides their presence in the coagulated scum which the heat throws up, renders it less tenacious and much more liable to be broken up and mixed with the juice. But in reality a great portion of these insaluble particles, which are filtered out of the green juice, are never reached by the skimmer, but escape and remain at the end in the syrup, where they appear as a myriad of little motes.

The difficulty—and all the difficulty—attending the operation of filtering green juice, arises from the attempt to pass it through the filtering medium under a head or in a rapid current. Straw filters, bag strainers, and all contrivances commonly used for the purpose, become clogged and inoperative in a few minutes, and the attendant becomes discouraged and disgusted with the effect.

Now, any plan or arrangement of a filter will obviate all the difficulties ordinarily experienced, if it only provides for passing the juice through the filtering medium in a very slow, sluggish current. It must not run through, but barely move through, so that the particles instead of being caught and packed into the interstices, clogging the filter, attach themselves to the surfaces all through the medium, the current not being strong enough to wash them off and carry them along. To secure this result, the area of filter through which the juice passes must be large, and the vessel containing the filtering substance must be kept full of juice, so that instead of flowing down through a number of little jets, the whole mass of juice gradually sinks down as fresh juice enters at the top.

We will give one or two plans for the arrangement of filters, though we might describe fifty all upon the same principle, and all equally good; the only thing we wish to impress is the necessity for passing the juice slowly through the filter. Clean straw is the most convenient, and is as good as anything for the purpose. Take a large barrel or cask, no matter how large, with one head removed—set on end, and fit in a false perforated bottom, two or three inches from the real bottom. Let a pipe or tube extend up from the space below the bottom, and pass through the side of the filter near the top; fill with straw, and set the apparatus under the spout of the mill. With this arrangement, no juice can come off through the tube until the vessel fills, and the juice rises up after passing down through the straw, and when once filled the juice will continue to sink down as fast as supplied from the mill, but so slowly that the particles of suspended matter will be caught and held on the way.

Another plan, which we think is a little better, is to allow the juice to descend from the mill through a tube or box spout, directly to the space below the false bottom; it will then rise through the straw, and may be allowed to run off at the top of the cask.

We last year proposed to construct a filter of a box six feet long and fifteen inches square on the inside. This was to be filled with straw, and the juice admitted at one end. When full the juice allowed to run off at the opposite end, through a spout near the top. The juice in this case would be required to penetrate slowly through six feet of straw.

At the end of the day's work, or when it is desired to clean out the filter, draw off the contained juice very slowly, through a cock near the bottom, then pass the straw through the mill to remove all the juice.

It will be noticed that in the second arrangement of the cask filter, above described, the draw off at the bottom, when the filter is to be emptied, will be likely to disturb the sediment in the straw rather more than the other plan. But the quantity brought down will be inconsiderable if the juice is allowed to come off very slowly. [Sorgho Journal.]

[Written for the Rural World and Valley Farmer.]

PORTABLE GATE.
(NOT PATENTED.)

Take a piece of oak, 3 inches by 6 inches, and 2 feet longer than you want your gate. One foot from each end, frame in a piece 6 feet long of the same sized timber, with a half-lap mortice; the mortice being made at the centre of the shorter pieces, and they being at right angles with the longer piece. For posts, take two pieces of the same sized timber, 6 inches longer than the height of your gate. Make a mortice 3 inches square in the centre of the intersection of your sills; and tenons of same size and 6 inches long on the end of the posts. Make a mortice 1 inch wide and two inches long through the centre of these tenons, through which drive a drawing wedge of hard wood, after the post has been put in its place in the sills. This keeps



everything in its place. The gate should be made of light wood—pine, or something of that kind—and should be made in two parts; one swung to each post, on hook and strap hinges. The upper edges of the long side should be bevelled down where the wheels cross it.

One man can take down or set up this gate in five minutes.

It can be fastened either with hook and staple, or by pins in the sill.

[Written for the Rural World and Valley Farmer.]

COTTON CULTURE.

Our way of raising cotton is as follows:

The ground should be strong, but not new—bottom ground usually is not good.

Break the ground in the fall, or early in the spring. Plow deep, and then harrow it well if it be rough. After the ground has been well plowed, throw it into ridges about 4 feet apart, running north and south. The ridges are made by throwing four furrows together.

Now make a "bull-tongue" out of wood; have it rather long and sharp, and about 3 or 4 inches wide at the top; put it on a shovel plow stock; open the ridges with it, and in this last furrow plant the cotton seed. Strew it pretty thickly, so as to have a good stand—say, a bushel to the acre. After this is done, cover the seed with a rake, or a board fastened on the shovel plow stock before mentioned. A boy and one horse, with this machine, will cover a good many acres in half a day.

Cotton, in this latitude, should be planted from the 1st to the 10th of May.

So soon as the cotton is up, scrape down the ridges with a sharp one-horse turning plow, running the bar close to the plants. Now take a hoe and chop out plants, so as to leave the cotton from 6 to 10 inches apart in the row.

The cotton is to be worked with a scraper or plow close to the plants. Work in between the rows the same as in corn or potatoes. Finish with the hoe what the plow leaves undone.

A scraper can be made by putting a piece of steel on a block—the block is to keep the scraper from going in deep. Stock it like a shovel plow.

The cultivator will work well in cotton after the first scraping. If the cotton be heavy, bank it up, to keep it out of the dirt, at the last plowing.

Dongola, Ill. B. M.

CORN IN HORSES' FEET.

In answer to M. L. of St. Louis, we will state that our experience has taught us that the best method of treating corns is, to pare them out. They should be cut out to the very bottom, but care should be used not to injure the sole. In severe cases, an effusion of matter is sometimes found, and this should be released. If there is no matter after paring the horn as thinly as possible, butyr of antimony should be applied over the corn, to stimulate the sole to throw out healthy horn. The best smith to treat corns in St. Louis, that we are acquainted with, is John Busby, on Morgan Street, between 2nd and 3rd. He understands a horse's foot perfectly and knows how to put on shoes so that horses will never have corns. The chief cause of corns is bad shoeing.

COWS FOR MILK AND BUTTER.

ED. RURAL WORLD: Please state for the benefit of myself and other readers of your Journal, the best breed of cows for quantity of milk, and the best breed for quality of milk and butter.

DAIRYMAN.

[REPLY.—For quantity of milk, the Ayrshires doubtless excel any other breed; but for quality, the Devons are unrivalled. More butter can be made from the same quantity of milk from Devon cows, as a general rule, than from any other breed.]

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Never Cease Doing Good.

By this we mean, that those who are swelling our list of subscribers, are doing good: First, to the subscribers themselves, by furnishing them a home agricultural journal—something to sharpen and inform the mind as well as to fill the pocket; and, second, that they are doing us good, by furnishing us a large list of subscribers, and thereby enabling us to publish our Journal without loss in these times of high prices for paper, labor, living, &c.

We hope you will not cease your efforts, but induce all your neighbors and friends to subscribe. Show them a copy, and we feel certain that no enterprising farmer will fail to join in a club for it.

HARTFORD PROLIFIC GRAPE.—At the meeting of the late American Pomological Society, held at Rochester, the Rev. Mr. Knox of Pittsburg, said: "The Hartford Prolific is the best early grape yet thoroughly tested by me. It ripens the latter part of August perfectly. It is entirely free from disease with me. It is productive. Twelve vines bore for me last year six hundred and twenty-six pounds. It is a good grape when perfectly ripe. The fruit does not drop with me."

Dr. Edwards, of Mo., in the same discussion, said his Hartford Prolifics and Concordes sold in the St. Louis market at 40c per pound—higher than any other grapes.

HALE'S EARLY PEACH.—In the summer of 1863, Mr. Wetmore, of Sulphur Springs, Jefferson Co., Mo., had this variety of the peach in bearing. It ripened the 15th of July, full ten days before any other variety. He sold the peaches in the St. Louis market at \$10 per bushel. The peach was of fine size and showy. We are glad to learn that it has been tried in Missouri, and been found to succeed so well. We are indebted to Dr. Reed, a neighbor of Mr. Wetmore, for the above information.

NEW ENGLAND FARMER.—We are pleased to welcome the face of our old friend again in the sanctum. He looks all the better for the period of rest he has taken. We were pained to part with him—but are glad it was only for a short season. We hope his future career may be prosperous, that his purse may be always plenteous, and his countenance ever beaming with intelligence.

Those wishing to subscribe for a good Eastern Agricultural paper, will find it in the "New England Farmer," published weekly by R. P. Eaton & Co., Boston, Mass., at \$2.50 per year.

FRUIT GROWER is informed that it is expected that the Proceedings of the last session of the Missouri Horticultural Society, will be printed and published by the State. A law was passed by the Legislature last winter to publish them with the proceedings of the State Board of Agriculture. Thus far, that Board has not been able to do anything—a quorum not having been present. When the war is over, we shall expect great good from that Board, and deeply regret that it has not been able to accomplish anything yet for the agricultural interests of Missouri. It is hoped that the State will publish our Horticultural Proceedings without delay. We shall publish a synopsis of them as soon as they are written out by the Secretary.

In answer to an inquiry of a subscriber, we will state, that grape vines can be pruned at any time, from the present to the swelling of the buds. Some prefer to prune in February and some in March. It will make but little difference in which month the pruning is done.

J. T. H., you can plant your early peas at once—the earlier the better. Select the dryest part of your garden; cover them with about three inches of earth. The frosts will do them no injury when the young plants show themselves. The only way to have early peas, is to put them into the ground early.

Western Agricultural papers for Western farmers—therefore speak a word to your neighbor for the Rural World.

Bethany, Harrison Co., Mo.



HORTICULTURAL.

Western Grape Growers' Association.

We see the necessity of the formation of such an association more and more every year. The grape is only second to the apple in value at the present time; and each year it is assuming a greater importance. More than half the time of the late Missouri Horticultural Society's meeting, was consumed in the discussion of grapes and wine. Those who are raising grapes of course are interested in such discussions—but very many who were present, are only engaged in raising other fruits, and do not feel an interest in discussions on the grape. The meeting was likewise large, and modest men could hardly get in a word edgewise. But very few took part in the discussions—though the remarks made were valuable.

Now, if we could divide this large crowd, and have those solely interested in the grape at one meeting, and those solely interested in fruit at the other meeting, more good would be effected and less time would be consumed by both parties.

The Missouri Horticultural Society is now an established fact, and the formation of a Grape Growers' Association for the vintners of Missouri and Illinois, would do it no injury—for many would attend both meetings.

We believe in specialties, where it is practicable, and the Grape Growers' Association can be established, and be productive of great good. The Horticultural Society has now such a range of subjects that it cannot do justice to any. If the Grape Growers' Society is formed, the other fruits can receive due consideration.

ORCHARD PLANTING.

As the season for planting orchards is at hand, we offer a few remarks on the subject. The most important matter is to induce farmers to plant trees. Many have lived a number of years upon their farms, and have not yet planted an orchard. Others have planted a few trees, not enough to supply the family with fruit, and of inferior varieties. It is far better to have fruit to sell than to buy. We hope every reader of the Rural World will plant an orchard the ensuing spring, to promote the future health of his family, to enhance the value of his farm, and to derive a profit from the sale of the fruit which he raises. After having determined to set out an orchard, the next important thing is to select a site. This should be the highest land on the farm. Apple trees will do well almost anywhere; yet a dry, lively, rich soil is superior to a low, wet location. Peach trees, in particular, require to be planted on high ground, to insure a yearly crop of fruit.

Having selected a site, the next thing is to prepare the ground thoroughly for the trees, by plowing and cross-plowing. The future growth and prosperity of the tree depend very much upon the preparation the ground has received for the reception of the roots. If it has been plowed but once, and then only to the depth of five or six inches, leaving the ground rough and in an unpulverized state, the trees will make but a feeble growth and be a long time in coming into bearing.

Fall Pippin, Porter, Wine, and Yellow Bell-flower.

For winter use, we can recommend the Ben. Davis (New York Pippin, Carolina, Baltimore Beauty), Rawle's Janet, Winesap, Talman's Sweet, Smith's Cider, Rome Beauty, White Pippin, White Winter Pearmain, and Willow Twig. These lists may be largely extended, but they embrace the very best varieties which succeed in Missouri and in Illinois.

Have your holes dug for the trees as early as possible; if a month or two before the trees are planted, so much the better. The action of the atmosphere on the soil will be highly beneficial in decomposing it and rendering it friable.

In planting the trees, be careful to trim the roots properly, cutting off the bruised ends. Spread out the roots naturally, covering them with fine, rich soil, and setting the trees at the same depth they grew in the nursery.

By all means cultivate the ground, in corn, tobacco, beans, potatoes, melons, or similar crops, for four or five years, or until the trees get well established.

Orchards will not thrive well if grain or grass is grown in the same ground. Wash the trees two or three times every summer with soap suds, which will give the bark a glossy appearance, and prevent the depredations of insects. Do not prune too much, either at the time of planting or afterwards. Too much pruning is even worse than no pruning. Pruning should be conducted gradually, and at all times when unnecessary growth appears. A pocket knife is all that is necessary to use in pruning, to raise the very best of orchards.

A thrifty young orchard is a beautiful sight on a farm, and every one by taking a little pains can have one.

CURRENTS.

Why is it that we see so few currant bushes in the West? In the Northern and Eastern States, it is almost impossible to find a garden that does not contain a few dozen. The fruit is stewed when green, and makes a delicious accompaniment for the tea-table. It makes splendid pies also when green. To our taste, there is no better pie than that made from green currants. When ripe and eaten with sugar, it is a splendid dessert. And what fine jelly is obtained from it! Ought not every farmer's wife to have a patch of currants? And the husband who refuses to obtain and plant them ought to be drafted.

That they can be grown and successfully produced, here, we have demonstrated by our own experience. One of the best paying pieces of ground we had in cultivation last year, was in currants. They yielded enormously, and brought six to eight dollars per bushel in the St. Louis market.

The Red and White Dutch and White Grape proved the most productive and profitable out of a number of varieties.

It requires no particular skill to raise them. Plow the ground deeply once or twice. Set the plants out about five feet apart both ways. Cultivate well the first summer with horse and cultivator, as you do other things you set out. The following season cultivate till about the middle of June, and then apply a heavy mulching of straw, manure, or something of the kind—heavy enough to keep down the weeds. The mulching is not indispensable, as we have got large yields where there had been no mulching, but it is better to apply it if possible.

EXPERIENCE FOR ILLINOIS.—At the late meeting of the Illinois State Horticultural Society, the following fruits were recommended for general cultivation.

Apples—Early Harvest, Red June, Sweet June, Early Pennock, Maiden's Blush, Rambo, Snow Apple, Jonathan, Yellow Belleflower, A. Talman's Sweet, Rawle's Janet, Willow Twig, Wine Sap.

Pears—White Doyenne, Flemish Beauty, Seckel, Duchess, Jersey, Easter Beurre, Bartlett, Osband's Summer.

Cherries—Early Richmond.

Grapes—Concord, Hartford Prolific, Norton's Virginia, Clinton, Herbemont, Delaware.

Quinces—Orange.

Blackberry—New Rochelle.

[Written for the Rural World and Valley Farmer.]

MAKING HOT-BEDS.

From the first of February to the last of March, the subject of making hot-beds will be a matter of importance in gardening affairs, to the farmer or the suburban resident. Hot-beds are required to raise early salad, as radishes, lettuce, &c., but mainly to raise plants of cabbage, sweet potatoes, cucumbers, tomatoes, &c., to plant out in the open ground in their respective seasons, according to their hardiness. Now the simplest, cheapest, and perhaps most effective way to make hot-beds for the above purposes, is about as follows:

First—Having sash made 6 feet long and about 3½ or 4 feet wide, with 7 x 9 glass, proceed to make a box or frame of rough boards, 18 inches high at back and 12 in front, the ends sloped accordingly, and strips between each sash, for them to rest and slide upon, and to strengthen the frame. The largest frame should not hold more than four sashes, and may be made for three, or two. If more beds are wanted, make more frames. The extensive hot-beds of market gardeners consist only of a number of such boxes arranged in long parallel rows, with a space of a few feet, say three, between the back and front, and of one foot between the ends of each frame, and put down as described below.

A sheltered spot is selected, such as a southern slope, or a depression in the ground, where water will drain off, if such happens, or the south side of a building or fence, that is all you need. If not, make a screen of rough boards, or corn-stalks, on the north and west sides, and your site is prepared; next dig out a hole a few inches smaller than the size of your frame all round, and 12 or 18 inches deep; shovel off a smooth bottom, and secure drainage, that is, see that no water from the surrounding land can run into it. The amount which falls on the bed itself will do no harm, but if the hot manure becomes saturated with water running into it, from all around, it will speedily cool and become useless. Therefore, if necessary, a small open drain should be dug so as to convey any such water around and away from the beds. The frame may be set on the level ground, or elevated a little with a brick at each corner, and of course over the hole; the amount of manure or depth of the bed must be regulated somewhat according to the length of time you wish bottom heat. Two feet will be sufficient for all the above purposes. Well prepared manure should be used, that is, stable manure that has had straw, leaves, or shavings used liberally for bedding, but which is well mixed with the droppings and well wet with the urine, and having been previously shaken well, and thrown up together into a loose round heap, and the heat and moisture evenly mixed and blended, and the rankness of the heat or steam passed off.

This should be spread evenly and well into the bed, and beat down well with the fork, or a few light treadings, to prevent it settling too much afterwards. Fill up to within 8 or 10 inches of the top of the frame, put on the sash, and let it stand a few days to allow the heat or fermentation to start again, and to get the frame and atmosphere well warmed up. Next put on 6 to 8 inches of soil; this should be rich and light, made soil, consisting of old manure rotted into mold, leaf mold and sand; or some good garden soil, rotted manure and sand. When this is become thoroughly warmed up, it is ready for the seed. Some cabbage seed should be sown at once, also Kohl Rabi, and a few beets for transplanting, if liked. One sash devoted to these seeds will produce abundance for an ordinary family for this sowing. Other sash may be sown to radish and lettuce. The outside of the frame may be banked up to the top with the same material the bed is made of, during severe weather, and the sash must be covered at night with boards or straw. Market gardeners bank up thus and cover the glass with boards, and not only keep the frost out, during severest weather, but keep plants growing inside all winter without trouble. Further details will be given in future numbers. C. S.

TO PREVENT RABBITS DESTROYING FRUIT TREES.—Dissolve strychnine in warm water, using just enough to form a thin paste. Then, with a brush, apply the paste to ears of corn, which you should drop in various parts of the orchard. The rabbits will eat the corn, and that will end their career. One person who tried this, picked up 76 dead rabbits—so a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker says, and we have no doubt of it. Rabbits will eat corn, and strychnine is a most deadly poison. The strychnine should be applied every three or four days, as it loses its strength by exposure.

SORGHUM OR IMPHEE.

ED. RURAL WORLD: I wish to devote an acre or two of ground to raising cane for syrup. Will you inform me which I had better plant—Sorghum or Imphee? T. J. W., Lincoln Co. Mo.

[REPLY.—Plant Sorghum. It will yield more syrup, and of as good, if not better quality. Imphee is thought by some preferable for sugar—but we doubt it.]

PRUNING THE CONCORD GRAPE.

COL. N. J. COLMAN: I have seen numerous articles from you, commendatory of the Concord Grape. I find it very thrifty, healthy and hardy, but in my short experience have not found it productive. Perhaps the fault lies in my manner of pruning, though I have treated it precisely like the Catawba. Should I treat it differently, and if so, how, and why? By giving the information through the Rural World you will oblige me and probably many others.

M. R.

[REMARKS.—We are glad our correspondent has called attention to this matter. It is a subject of very great importance to every cultivator of the Concord Grape. We have heard the same objection to the Concord before, and know that every cultivator has experienced the same difficulty with it, in his first experiences. It should be treated very differently from the Catawba. Perhaps when we say this we say too much. So we will qualify our statement by saying that we should treat it very differently from the treatment that is generally given to the Catawba. That is commonly trained to one or two canes, for the production of fruit the following year, that run, to considerable length, and grow to considerable size. These canes the next spring are cut back, and are allowed to produce a certain quantity of fruit.

The Concord, however, does not succeed well, treated in this manner. Many of the large eyes left on the canes, for fruit, prove barren, whether by excessive vigor, or from some other cause, we don't know. So we must adopt another system, which is, to pinch in the canes, intended for fruit, during the summer, so as to cause them to produce plenty of laterals. This is the great secret—to get the laterals for the production of fruit, and pinching in causes them to put out. The main canes and the laterals are shortened in the following spring, and an abundant crop is the result.

This is likewise the proper way to prune the Taylor's Bullitt, Herbemont and Norton's Virginia, and shall we add, we think it the better way to prune the Catawba? We saw a fine crop of Catawba last year produced on the laterals of Dr. Hull's Catawba canes, at Alton. Those who pruned Catawba canes, in the usual way, last spring, got no fruit—while those who left the laterals got a fair crop.

We hope our correspondent and others will adopt the method we have recommended, before denouncing this grape as unproductive. We consider it the king of grapes for general cultivation, and know that no one who plants it will ever regret it. When properly shortened in, it is the most productive grape we have. We shorten in our blackberry and raspberry canes for the same reason, viz: the production of laterals, and get far larger crops in consequence.]

THE PHILADELPHIA RASPBERRY.

We have, on several occasions, alluded to this fine raspberry, giving, in addition to our own, the evidence of Mr. William Parry and others in its favor. Every day convinces us more fully of its merits and of its strong claim to general cultivation. We visited the grounds of Mr. A. L. Felton a few days since, for the purpose of giving it a somewhat closer examination, as Mr. F. is growing it largely, having determined to pretty generally discard all the other varieties, and give his attention wholly to the Philadelphia. The appearance of the plants and fruit exceeded anything we had ever seen. The stalks are stout, stiff and branching, standing perfectly erect, and more nearly approaching the tree form than any other variety with which we are acquainted. The entire plantation was heavily laden with the green fruit, giving promise of an extraordinary crop, and fully sustaining the assertions of those who claim that it is the most prolific raspberry known. It is of a purplish red color, high flavor, of good size, and medium early. Being perfectly hardy, and requiring no extra culture, its claims to general introduction, both for private and marketing purposes, are of the strongest character. For the latter purpose it is especially well adapted, as it bears transportation long distances without injury. As before remarked, it is "as hardy as an old oak tree," and a constant and most abundant bearer. Mr. Parry states the result of two pickings to be at the rate of 200 bushels to the acre. These statements of its merits not being based upon mere theory, but as the result of a number of years of actual practical experience, we feel perfectly safe in recommending the Philadelphia Raspberry to all who desire a perfectly hardy and most prolific variety.—[E.]

PRUNE WITH A JACK KNIFE.—That is the biggest instrument that should ever go into a fruit tree. This going into an orchard with axes and saws, and hacking off large limbs, is the most injurious practice that can be adopted.



ED. RURAL WORLD: I send you a piece of poetry, that will be new to most of your readers, and has had a place in my memory since lisped at the knee of a long departed mother, and for simple beauty has few equals. I am unable to give the author.

W.M.

A SIMPLE WISH.

Mine be a cot beside the hill,
The bee-hive's hum shall soothe mine ear,
A willow brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath the thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that sips the dew,
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to Heaven.

ORIGINAL STORY.

[Written for the Rural World and Valley Farmer.]

Mary Congdon and David Acker.

When Mary Congdon went out into the grass, knee deep, in early May—so wonderfully it had grown—when she saw this, and thought of the old oak, “knee-deep in fern,” and saw whence Tennyson got his thought—when she, moreover, inhaled the sweet breath of the young and the old apple-trees, and saw their beauty of blossoms, and their wealth of leaves just crowding out the blossoms preparatory to the beginning of the young fruit—when she noted also the silence of the birds, that but a week ago were so noisy, now busy with the thoughts of maternity; and saw the red-and-black oriole, the first she had seen—for she had not been out-of-doors for several days, during which the tide of spring fully flowed in, and now crowded summer, so much so that she looked for clover-heads, for the humble-bees to get “giddy” over—great, clean, breezy humble-bees, bringing to mind other scenes,

“Gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wilderness found”—
when she saw all these things, she was still sad, her face still pale. What a winter-stricken time it must have been for her, when even these charms could not move her! Many, many a one is like her. These things, like a knell, fall upon their hearts.

Mary Congdon was not weak, not frail. She was, in her days, a full-blown rose, of fair and full dimensions; and every one said when the flirtation ceased on the part of David Acker, a small petite man, smaller than she—that nothing would come of it—that Mary Congdon was too staunch a girl, too sensible, to grieve for any man, much less for David Acker—though David was well enough. He was a student in a doctor's office; wore black; stooped in the shoulder, from excessive study; had black hair and beard, and a brown eye. His mouth was not handsome; it was strong-set, giving a masculine aspect to his whole face, and to the whole man; but his chin was. This chin was now covered with a thick beard, beauty hiding under it, perhaps love nestling there.

And David Acker had a mind of his own. It was generally abstracted, but sometimes brought home, and then it was a genial thing among his friends. How self-possessed he then was, though never off his guard. He was solving out some great, hard study—and that was a general study, the great requisite to a special calling—the being armed at all points. Literature had a large share in his studies, and he would practice upon it, enjoy it in rambles, and reading, and composition, and in intercourse—intercourse with the poetic in human nature, the great field of human nature, which had the

greatest charm in the world for him. Here he revelled; and the handsomest phase was, woman. He thus was allied to all poets. Himself a poet naturally, but more than that intellectually; and he took but a poet's privilege, when he responded to the beauty and vigor of this queenly girl, Mary Congdon—eighteen, yet a woman of twenty-five, the admiration and envy of all, though it was a pain to her to see this, so unselfish she was. She was that rare treasure, a true woman, or David Acker would not have been attracted—and yet, not every one thought David Acker a great man, and said so—said so even to him: girls said so, and some men—but very few women, for Dave Acker, plain Dave, was liked by everybody—even by his enemies,” some would say. He might say almost anything, and people would pass it over, for Dave Acker not only knew, but he was a man of honest intentions. He did much good, and somehow, with all his knowledge, he did no harm—people knew well enough he did not mean to do any.

And yet he was a sober man—gloomy even—but not despairing, not misanthropic. When stirred by some excellent thought, and his mind free for social intercourse, there was an eloquence in his face that transformed the man—or rather, as every one thought, developed the real David Acker, as he was hidden in his studies—so that this natural man was a sort of mystery, and a mystery that led to such magnificent heights and depths!

Such a man was David Acker—a treasure to the people of Dresden; their chief ornament; their necessity; and such, beloved by the belle of the village, Mary Congdon. Pshaw! “Belle of the village!” The phrase disgusted him; and it disgusted her. The business of life is too serious to be affected by such tinsel, when so much gold is to be found everywhere. It was this gold that these two possessed; and they appreciated each other—that is, he fully appreciated her; but she him only so far as her ability extended. She was a clear-headed, intelligent woman, but had not the age of her lover, twenty-eight. But she knew enough to know this. She was well aware that David Acker had a great fund of information, and he fully understood what he had. She knew also that a man like him must have set his mark high; and that he was bound to obtain it; and that he would obtain it. He had studied many years. He had studied several years as a medical student—and he went by that name now. But medicine was not David Acker's passion, no more than any other branch of learning. His masterly passion for learning made him overcome everything. He seemed to know all things; gloried in his knowledge; enjoyed it; made it his own—his second nature, as it were—but it really was but the development of his real nature. All the sharp things of the world, all the amiable, all the heroic and the grand, as well as the beautiful, were reflected in the person of David Acker—in his mind. He was small; yet no one seemed to think it. He was severe; yet no one laid aught against him. He was amiable; yet never weak; and always truly magnanimous.

This was the man that Mary Congdon loved—loved for years: indeed she grew up with this love, as with the sunshine. Her strong woman's nature delighted in this powerful sun—the light present, but the sun rather absent—somehow she could never reach the home-centre of this influence. So she worshipped at a distance—distance, oh how charming, how enchanting!

And yet, this man was not handsome. He would have made anything but a hero for lady or country. His beloved almost wished this might not be—yet it satisfied her better as it was.

At last this high-read, intelligent, small man, must begin his career. The result of so many years' labor must be tested. But he is prepared for his work, and with confidence he steps forth, shy, yet courageous when occasion required.

He left Dresden—not with a formal leave. No one knew that he had left it, save by his absence. And it was this uncertainty, this unexplained absence, that found our heroine pale among the grass and the trees, wishing for clover—in the future.

And Mary Congdon is pale! No one knew

anything of her secret; yet the pallor was there; and people began to gossip. Mary herself scarce knew, though she guessed, so shy is this assailant of the heart; so blind are we, as well as he. But was it the absence of the “chief ornament” of the place? Everybody missed him, ergo, Mary Congdon must miss him. But others also, of the “sex,” missed him. These too were walking thoughtful, with blanched cheek. And yet, not a word had been ever whispered, not an inducement given, by this knight of the heart, this mysterious student—only talking, and looking, and being present—never acting, never, never advancing.

Dresden was in a curious state of mourning. It wore no crape, for it knew not who was dead—but there was a death; and the funeral colors—white especially—were worn. The seat was vacant. No one knew in what tomb the missing was laid—the man who had so great a heart; who could only talk heart when his tones sounded. This natural, well-bred man (no one ever called him well-bred) was, oh, what mystery! who knew, where? Such silent inducements, secret hints—but no answers.

He never came. The springs went and came, and brought at last roses for the pale cheeks—except the palest of all. Annually the tall grass found her seeking for the clover, inhaling the sad aroma. But it was no more than sadness—sadness confirmed. This was unfortunate. Was this best of her sex, best of the members of her village, to be thus setting an example, bringing a stigma upon a fair escutcheon? But no one knew positively. “Mary Congdon was sick;” “Mary Congdon was in a decline;” but “Mary Congdon was not sick at heart,” said or thought every one. Mary Congdon knew better herself, however.

For years this went on. The girl was seen passionately enjoying nature—for her own self's sake—not in imitation of any one. She was the same sensible woman still, and commanded all by her dignity of deportment, and her nobleness of heart. She read much; she thought much; she did much—for she had great power.

One day, in May—just such a day as we began with—she looked from her window, getting a glimpse of blue sky, after the shower. It was at the horizon, where the blue sky and the green hill met. Her eye was delighted, and visions beyond arose to mind. In this reverie, the form of a man came within the scope of her vision. Slightly stooped, of a black garb, and beard of the same color, the figure slowly, uncertainly, and apparently sadly, approached.

The vision beyond had vanished—long since, it seemed, so slow came the figure. Mary Congdon even ventured her spy-glass. It was with great effort that she overcame this unusual trepidation, and at last brought the object of her search within the focus of her glass. “David Acker” was the nervous, frightened articulation. So familiar, so fearfully blunt was the involuntary pronunciation, that she broke her glass in the hurry of withdrawing it. It was David Acker—(this time not thought aloud) slowly approaching his native village, pale as herself—“an invalid,” she ventured, partly aloud—“perhaps come home to die—come home at any rate.”

So silly, Mary Congdon had not considered herself capable; so fluttered, faint—faint for the first. She went to do something, but she knew not what—got a book finally; and—regretted the loss of her glass, for the “figure” was yet a great way off: the good glass had (once) brought him near.

He came to his old home—to a near relative's, with whom he had lived: he came home to die. This was rumored at once. Such a rumor, for a quiet one, was never before in the village. It ran like the secret electrical fluid. Many cheeks were again pale—pale as flushed. Mary Congdon's was more deadly pale and that was all. Yet there were tears—our object, and not for relief merely. She was at the loss (in anticipation) of her friend. Now she felt it was a loss. Before, there was vagueness. She was going to be alone in the world now—for she knew at the first glance the glances gave her, and which broke it (ominously), that David Acker was on his way to his grave, and was near it.

She met him. It was a rather cordial greeting on his part. He was pleased and gratified

to see his old friend. She knew this, for he never disguised anything. But she—she was only fluttered in her manner—forgot to be heartily cordial, which she was sure she was at heart, and made out to behave quite coldly, and, “quite—very unbecoming.”

“Was he resigned to spend his days here,” she asked.

He smiled—“Yes, I shall spend them here;” and the smile was hardly tinged with sadness; it seemed real joy at the event, a “welcome to Death.” “Such a life to go out, and even with satisfaction!” She could hardly “see it.” This shook her. She felt she was in presence of the same power, ripened, perfected, that once so swayed her life—that always swayed it, she might have said. Here it was, swaying her own to its very depths, thrilling it through all its ramifications, driving almost the life out of it, and preparing it for death. So much was this proud, dignified, queenly woman in the presence of this frail, little man.

“But why should he wish—or, rather, he does not wish—to die? He simply is prepared to die—and yet—and yet,” she was saying to herself, when she asked him, outright,

“But all your efforts in life—or, as I do not know of your efforts—your severe preparation, will all be lost. This we regret.”

Again the smile—this time more triumphant—“it was this preparation that fitted me to die—not only to die, but to enter the shadowy land with true satisfaction. This is the Christian's prerogative; this is the true philosopher's knowledge. I am not even loth, as you may think, to leave my attachments—and they are many and strong. The stronger attachment makes their disruption the easier. I die, not only with contentment, but with true satisfaction.”

“But his love,” was the maiden's first thought. “He has none.” As if divining her thought, he said,

“Even love must unloose his hold, the purest affection untwine, and become as dust, as nothing. Death is the kind receiver to his long embraces, which none of us, not all the human family, regrets—the grave knows no regret.”

Mary Congdon was alone in her experience at that moment. The ties—these tender, earthly ties—were rudely riven just then. She felt forsaken—lost—or wandering, forlorn, she hardly knew what. She would have wept, and—she did, here in his presence—just what he expected she would—for he knew all the heart-strings—but he never took advantage of his knowledge. This his weeping listener knew. She therefore had confidence. “But you must not surrender life now,” he said. “That is for me—for such as me—but not for you. You have natural sunshine yet left for you. This unnatural darkness is not fitting you. Resign the thought, and live. Live with the grass and the flowers, and the brook that flows through them—for this blue sky, that shines for such as you, as once it shone for me—as it might yet shine for me. But whether it shine or not, is all the same to me. It is not in what surrounds us that we live. That is only a response to the man within.”

She breathed easier, more naturally. He led her to her home; he went with her into the orchard—into the tall grass, as if he knew thereof—saw the blue sky, spoke of the coming clover, and of the long summer's wealth—and he asked her to pass with him through that summer if it pleased the Bestower of this good to spare their lives.

Now two are found in the tall grass—clover blooming—there

SABBATH READING.

[Written for the Rural World and Valley Farmer.]

Man's Sin and Redemption.

There is one God and Father of all, who created all things; who made man to love and serve him; who requires this service and this love because of his right to rule and his fatherly love and care over him. In yielding these, is joy and peace. But man refused to be subject to God, by eating the forbidden fruit, thus declaring by acts which speak louder than words, his rejection of God's supremacy, and that he would obey his own will whenever he saw fit to do so. It is plain that if this course had been suffered to pass unrebuked, the "Creator" would have been the "Ruler" no longer. Universal anarchy would have been the result.—There soon would have been no law but the hates and desires of man. Envy, cruelty, covetousness, malice, falsehood, debauchery, and murder would have been the business of life, and he who had been most successful in these, would have been the most envied and the most hated. Happy condition! Oh, how deep and terrible a vengeance might our God have taken if he had only let us alone! If he had dealt with us somewhat in the manner he has dealt with Satan, by permitting us to follow our own desires uncontrolled by moral means.

It did not please Him to do so. He still loved the creature He had made and refused, so easily, to let him go. But what could be done? Man was a rebel, he had listened to the tempter and had obeyed his voice; he had disbelieved the word of God and had openly defied his power. He had taken sides with the disobedient Angel and set himself in opposition to the Living God. It would not do, that, to save the disobedient child, the eternal interests of the faithful dependents of the All Father should be rendered doubtful or insecure? for any doubt is incompatible with happiness. It is only the full and certain assurance of unending, uninterrupted bliss that makes perfect happiness.—It is only entire confidence in the unchangeable character of the Deity, his truth, his undoubted love of those who obey him; his unflinching opposition to those who do evil; the impenetrable barrier which he has reared between the spirits of evil and the spirits of the just; the everlasting law which hinders those from approaching these to do them evil, to annoy or perplex them—that makes their happiness perfect.—The obedient and self-willed cannot mingle at the foot of the Great White Throne, nor sit at meat together in the everlasting halls where harmony reigns. His promises and his threats are alike sure, and with Him there is no shadow of turning. None but those who are willing subjects of the Great King—who love his law, and who love his family—can enter there.—He rules in the hearts of His children by Love. It is only by a voluntary surrender of ourselves to His will that he can consistently with his sovereignty and the happiness of the Heavenly hosts, admit us among the Blessed. What pleasure is derived from a boy whom his parents are compelled to restrain by continual exercise of physical force; who must be looked up, or tied hand and foot to keep him from doing injury to his better disposed brothers and sisters; whom neither affection nor chastisement will prevail upon to walk in the path of order and duty? There is, then, no alternative—the disobedient must be rigidly excluded. But man has disobeyed, and consequently fears every moment the penalty (he knows he deserves) will be visited upon him. Hatred naturally grows out of fear, and when we both fear and hate, it follows that we distrust every movement of the injured party, and it will be necessary for him to show us beyond question His good intentions towards us before we can bring ourselves to trust him.

It follows, then, that there are three things requisite in this case. To satisfy the justice of God, to remove man's hatred and suspicion, and to assure the whole universe that the restraints of morality will not be relaxed. Omniscience alone could devise the way to fulfill these conditions. There was only One who held his life in his own right and in his own power. What has a creature to offer to the Creator? Does he not hold even his life from him, to whom belong all things? There was only One, then, who had a life of his own to give as a ransom for the life

of man. No man taketh my life, said he; I lay it down of myself; I have the power to lay it down and the power to take it up again: It is for this we love Him, that He laid down His life for us. It is by the power of such love we are led to return, repentant and trusting, humbling ourselves under the mighty hand of God, ready to accept life as a bounty from the Savior, and knowing our own weakness and former shameful fall, desirous of being kept by the power of God from further sin and shame, unto the day of final deliverance and revelation of the glory of God.

The greatness of this sacrifice is sufficient fully to mark God's utter abhorrence of sin. The terrible experience of its effects in the sufferings and sorrows of the family of man, and the great price necessary to buy us off from its yet more fearful results, the patient submission to suffering, the constant struggle against the world, the flesh and the devil, which marks the Christian until his Father shall see fit to call him home, is sufficient to give confidence to all the dependents of the Great Ruler that no relaxing of the law of holiness is or can be contemplated by Him; that they need not fear that anything impure or unlovely will ever be associated with them, or be permitted to stand in His presence. On the great day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, the justice as well as the wisdom and love of God will stand forth glorious and indescribable—a theme for praise and admiration for ever.

[Written for the Rural World and Valley Farmer.]

Electrical Sparks from Human Hair.

It has been matter of much curious interest to young philosophers, and some old ones, too, to develop electrical sparks from the hairy coat of pussy. I have not seen it noticed that the human hair will develop electricity with even greater force than the hair of the cat.

My little daughter found in combing her own and her sister's hair, in a dark portion of the room, that sparks were copiously emitted, with a slight crackling noise. The air of the room was dry and warm in consequence of having a large stove in it. When the air is damp, the sparks are not emitted. In the sharp, frosty evenings they were visible in the open air, but not so much so as in the room. They are more vivid with an India-rubber comb than with a horn one—but can be produced by the hand. When the hair has oil on it, they are very feeble.

It is evident, that upon every pass made on the hair, electricity is developed; but it depends on the condition of the atmosphere whether they are rendered visible or not. I have not had experiments sufficient to determine if all hair is alike capable of producing sparks, or if color and temperament has anything to do with it. W.M.

FILE FOR THE RURAL WORLD.

The following we clip from the *Rural New Yorker*, and recommend it to the readers of this Journal:

A cheap and convenient file for the *Rural* may be made by any one of common ingenuity as follows: In a piece of 5-eighths inch board, 31 inches long and two inches wide, of any good material, make a slit or mortice as long as the paper, and three-fourths of an inch wide (to hold a volume), extending to within two inches of one end; the other end may be worked into shape for a handle as desired.

Through one side put two thumb screws, each about 4½ inches from the end of the mortice, sharp at the ends and long enough to reach the opposite side; these are to hold the papers in place. They may be made of large wire, or bought at a hardware store. On the opposite side fasten a small ring by which it may be hung up.

This is my own invention; we have used it two years, and like it well.

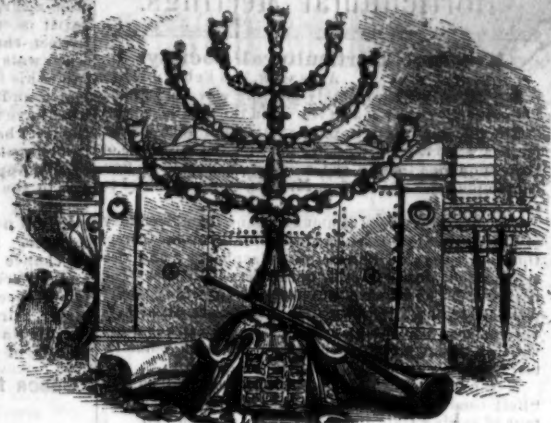
Let the *Rural* be kept on file. An old volume is worth the subscription price, and will continue to be, I believe, however long it may be kept. T. J. GODDARD.

Religion dwells not in the tongue, but in the heart.

The best monuments of the virtuous are their actions.

He who masters his passion, conquers his greatest enemy.

THE GOLDEN CANDLESTICK.



Amongst the costly furniture of the Jewish Tabernacle, was the Golden Candlestick. This, with all that appertained to the worship of the chosen people of Jehovah, was made under the immediate supervision of Him who is the high and mighty Ruler of the Universe. This glorious place of worship was set up in the Wilderness, when the Israel of God, having left the house of bondage in Egypt, were marching to Canaan. Being made portable, it went with them in their long journey through the wilderness. Here, in this sacred place, the Sovereign of the skies, deigned to visit that people whom he had chosen before all the great nations then in the zenith of their glory. And though the Jew is now a wanderer and a byword on earth's broad acres, the day is hastening on when their redemption will be effected, and the ransomed of the Lord shall return to Zion.

In the engraving we may see the Silver Trumpet, and the Table which was overlaid with gold. The roll on the floor is the Book of the Law—books then were written parchments.

Conveniences in a House.

"Molly Greenfield" writes to the American Agriculturist: "Mr. A. is building a new house. He has been doing so for a long time. His means were limited, and he could not finish it all at once, so it has been slowly growing towards completion, much of the work being done by himself in his leisure; for although a farmer, who works on his own land with the boys, he is a mechanical genius. It is not every one who knows how to build a good farm-house; things need to be handy for business. Mr. A., whose wife has had something to do with the matter, has hit the nail pretty squarely on the head. The house is large, high, mostly of brick, well built, and presents a fine appearance; cellar under the main building, large and light—think he has a dark room partitioned off for roots (potatoes, perhaps, most farmers know, turn green and grow watery, exposed in a light cellar). Here is an arch with large kettles for making soap, etc. and just at hand a well made leach-tub, and a fire-proof smoke and ash-house, in one corner. Mr. A. has a railroad on which he gets things into the cellar. Farmers' wives would like Mrs. A.'s kitchen, I think. It is of good size; what woman likes to roast in a little 'tucked up' kitchen, cooking for harvesters in Summer? Adjoining the kitchen is a small sink and wash-room, a pantry, and a meal-room, with chests for flour and meal, kneading shelf—drawer beneath—&c. There is a door in the meal-room from the wood-shed, so that flour can be brought in and emptied without being scattered over kitchen and pantry. Back of the stove is a permanent wood-box, built partly in kitchen and partly in wood shed, to be filled from the latter, and the wood being removed into the former through a hinge door or cover. There is also a niche for the honest old clock, that has served faithfully about thirty years, and, so far as I know, is good for thirty more; a niche with a door for the gun, two or three cupboards, several drawers in the wall for work, &c., a china closet and shelf for any purpose required. The kitchen is very well lighted—who wants to work in a dark room?—Farmers' wives spend so large a portion of their lives in the kitchen that it should be one of the brightest, pleasantest rooms in the house. I don't know but I would have flowers and pictures and maps there—loop-holes to let the sun-light in, and snatch a pleasant thought from, while the weary mother toils for her family, or the hired girl faithfully performs her round of duty. And then, too, where the mother is, there the babies will be, and where children are, there should be a great deal of brightness, beauty and much to instruct."

[Written for the Rural World and Valley Farmer.]

DEWDROPS OF WISDOM.

Hope, the balm of life, soothes us under every misfortune.

Ease—rest—owes its deliciousness to toil.

False delicacy is affectation, not politeness.

Many persons gratify their eyes and ears, instead of their understandings.

Prudence, as well as courage, is necessary to overcome obstacles.

Truth is not a stagnant pool, but a fountain.

Measure your life by acts of goodness, not by years.

Speak for, not against, the principles of love and peace.

There are few voices in the world, but many echoes.

Learning is the ally, not the adversary of genius.

At the foot of the Candlestick is the Breastplate then worn by the High Priest—about 10 inches square—adorned with twelve precious stones, each one bearing the name of one of the twelve tribes. When we remember that this Candlestick was made of pure gold, that the Table was overlaid with gold, and that a large portion of the other furniture was of the same material, we may form some idea of the costliness of the Tabernacle and of the Temple—the latter of which never had a parallel.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

CREAM CAKE.—One pint of sweet cream, one ten-cupful white sugar, one cup English currants, Graham flour for a thin batter. Bake in muffin rings, or in gem tins; filling the latter only about half full.

RYE AND INDIAN BREAD.—Take one part rye meal and two parts of Indian. Pour boiling water over the Indian, and stir till the whole is sufficiently wet to work in the rye without adding any more water, and then, when about milk warm, work in the rye-meal. Should the dough be too stiff, add as much warm, but not hot, water as may be necessary. Bake in a round iron dish from 3 to 5 hours. This bread when new, or a day or two old, may be sliced and toasted; it is very sweet and wholesome. The crust is apt to fall off; this may be wet in water and put in a stone jar with some moderately tart apples, peeled and sliced, nicely covering the apples with the crust; then add a little water, and cover the dish with a tightly fitting cover; set it on the stove till the apples are cooked, and then take off the crust into the plates; sweeten the apples to suit the taste, and spread it over the crust. This is an excellent dish, if care has been taken to prevent burning the crust.

SNOW BREAD.—Put in a basin or pan, fresh Indian meal and two or three times its bulk of snow; stir thoroughly together and try a little of the mixture on a hot griddle; if too dry, add more snow; if too moist add meal. When just right, pour it into a deep pan, rounding it up in the middle about two inches thick, and cook from twenty minutes to half an hour in a hot oven. This, if properly made, is very light and nice.

POTATO SCONES.—Mash boiled potatoes till quite smooth and knead with flour to the consistency of a light dough; roll it about half an inch thick; cut the scones in any form desired; prick them with a fork and bake on a griddle.

RICE PIES.—Boil two cups of rice in one quart of milk. When done, add four quarts of boiling milk, and sugar to taste. Bake same as a custard pie. This quantity will make six pies.

The above are in accordance with the principles of hygienic cookery. Below we give from the same authority a few that are regarded as plain, and comparatively harmless, though not strictly hygienic:

CORN BREAD No. 4.—One pint of corn meal, one quart milk; boil the milk and scald the meal thoroughly; beat up three eggs; thin your dough to a batter with cold milk; add a piece of butter half as large as an egg; put in your eggs, with a little salt; pour in shallow pans, and bake brown.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Stew your pumpkin slowly and for a long time, as this makes the flavor richer; strain nicely through a colander; mix (not very thin) with milk and add one egg for each two pies; sugar to taste. Squash prepared in a similar manner is preferable to pumpkin.

BOSTON APPLE PUDDING.—Peel and core a dozen and a half good apples; cut them small and put them in a stew pan with a little water; stew over a slow fire till soft, sweeten with moist sugar and pass it through a hair sieve; add the yolks of four eggs, and one white and the juice of a lemon; beat well together; line the inside of a deep dish with paste, put in the pudding and bake for half an hour.

CORN STARCH PUDDING.—One quart milk, four tablespoonfuls corn starch, two-thirds of a cup white sugar and a little lemon peel. Wet the corn starch with a little milk, boil the remainder of the milk with the sugar and lemon peel, add the starch and cook briskly three or four minutes. Turn into cups or moulds. To be eaten with sweetened cream.

SUBSTITUTE FOR BUTTER.—The Baltimore Clipper says:—"A lady who is a famous housekeeper, recommends an economical plan for making cake without butter, which may be useful to our lady readers. Take a piece of fat salt pork, melt it down and strain it through a piece of coarse thin muslin. Set it aside until cold. It is then white and firm, and may be used like butter in any kind of cake. In pound cake she assures us it is delicious. She says, after one trial she never used butter."

The following is said to be a cure for rheumatism: Take 1 pint of the very best brandy, and add to it 1 oz. of the gum guaiacum, powdered fine; take as much of it at a time as you can bear, and take clear. Repeat the dose till cured.

Horticultural Meetings.

Meramec Horticultural Society.

ALLENTON, 2nd Feb'y, 1865.

The seventy-fifth monthly meeting was held in the School House. President Harris in the Chair.

The Special Committee on Examination of Orchards, made a partial report, asking for time, as the scope of their enquiries took a wider range than was at first contemplated. On motion, Mr. Fendler was added to said committee.

The Secretary read communications from Secretary of Wisconsin State Hort. Soc.; also on Adirondack Grape, Oporto Grape and Philadelphia Raspberry; and also communications requesting the Society to discuss "The best manner and time of clearing and grubbing land;" "The best time for cutting timber to secure its preservation;" and "the circulation of the sap and the changes which it undergoes." Referred to Business Committee.

A conversational discussion was then had on the "Best time to plant Strawberries, and on the advantage of sowing Oats and planting Potatoes in Feb."

A member stated that after many years' experiment he had found that the weight of the bushel measure of oats was in the ratio of the earliness of their sowing.

He never had raised oats to weigh the measure if sown after Feb'y.

The Vegetable Committee reported seedling apples, small but fine color, good quality and in fine condition, but deficient in flavor; and Peach Blow, White Neshamock and Fluke potatoes in excellent condition, all by L. D. Votaw.

The Executive Committee reported as a subject for discussion at next meeting, "The best time for clearing and grubbing land; and the best time for cutting timber to secure its preservation." Adopted.

The President announced that the next meeting of the Society be held in the School House Eureka, on first Thursday of March. WILLIAM MUIR, Sec.

Alton (Ill.) Horticultural Society.

REPORT ON PRUNING THE APPLE.

Mr. President:—It is still a question with some fruit raisers whether the apple tree should be trimmed. The committee to whom the matter was referred, would therefore beg leave to report that the orchard is dependent on its culture and training for a profitable return to its owner. From the day it is planted, care is necessary, either in the cultivation of the soil, guarding against insects and animals, and the proper pruning necessary to form well balanced heads and symmetrical trees. A great deal has been written upon this subject, and but little effected, and let you go to any neighborhood in this part of the State, and it might be said in the "United States," and there is to be seen orchards with trees of all shapes that can possibly be imagined, and with sufficient tops to make three or four from one.

Pruning ought to be commenced before the tree is planted. To prepare the tree for this purpose, the top should be cut away in proportion to the roots, leaving limbs equally around the stem, and within three to three and one-half feet of the roots. Cut away the laterals that would make forks, and shorten in most or all of the remaining limbs, which must be done with great care, for it is necessary to give the tree good shape to start with, therefore if it is necessary to run the top up, cut the limbs so as to leave the inside bud at the cut extremity; if to spread the top, leave a bud upon the outside. Soon after the tree sends out its leaves to the number of three to five from a bud, they should be thinned out so as to allow the shoots that are to remain a more vigorous start; a perfect thinning is not advised at this period of growth.

A second trimming or thinning of new shoots should be attended to in the last of July or the first of August. The knife may now be needed to remove some spurs that have become too strong for the fingers. At this time remove all shoots that start from the roots or body of the tree. This work having been carefully performed, you have at the end of the year a miniature tree of good shape, and a young orchard worth looking at.

In the spring or early summer of the second year, the trees should receive the careful attention of the owner, (for he is the right man to attend to it,) and all shoots cut away that have a direction to cross important branches, and those that have started from the main limbs near the body. The growth of the limbs should be carefully watched through the second and third years, and if they are growing faster on one side than the other of the tree, shorten in the rapid grower, as it is necessary for the future profit of the tree, that it should be well balanced over the roots; this care for shaping the tree should be continued for the first four or five years, and the shoots from the roots and suckers be carefully kept rubbed or cut off. The limbs of the trees at the end of the fifth year, and of some kinds sooner, will be found in the way of cultivating the orchard, but we deem it advisable to let them remain now upon the body for a protection of it from the sun's influence, and it is easier to maintain the trees in their vertical position when the head is low.

The trees having become firm in the ground, and the body having sufficient vigor to resist the effects of the sun, a commencement may now be made in removing such limbs as are found to be too low for cultivating with a horse. Also thin out the primary limbs, and continue to do this from year to year, till the trunks are of sufficient height. Attention also must be continued to shaping the tops by thinning, shortening in, and cutting off as circumstances require. Before it will be found necessary to cut away some of the primary limbs, they will have become quite large, perhaps three or four inches in diameter, these should be taken off while the tree is in its dormant or resting stage; as it will give the cut surface time to become seasoned or dry and sun-cracked, before the sap begins to flow, affording the best possible opportunity for applying a protector. This should be done in November or December, and in the first of March—apply with a painter's sash brush (while melted and very hot) the following composition, viz: rosin three parts, bees-wax two parts, tallow one part. You will be satisfied with the result.

The months of June and July are considered the best time for thinning out the tops of bearing trees. The trees are then so well provided with leaves that they will hardly feel the check produced by removing all that is necessary, the wounds heal more readily than at any other season, it is sufficiently early to benefit the present crop and the right time to bring out buds for the next year. All cuttings off of limbs should be as nearly level with the side of the trunk or limb as possible to get it.

We conclude by noticing the following advantages from a careful and judicious pruning. The horticulturist secures for himself an orchard of trees of perfect shape, which always affords him pleasure when walking through it, and he is not ashamed to invite his friend to go with him. He secures symmetry, and by this we mean that trees of the same kind have the same shape or form—not that all of the trees have the same form, for it would be labor lost to try to make an "Esopus Spitzenburg" and a "Lady Apple" tree to look alike. It affords easy access to the tree for picking apples, the facilities for gathering them being so much increased as to nearly if not quite balance all the outlay of time and expense. It opens the trees so that the sun has better chance to impart its influence in ripening the fruit and perfecting its color, which is considered of great importance. The apples though not as numerous as larger, fairer and more in quantity, consequently commanding a greater price in market, which is the ultimatum of our efforts and desires. B. F. LONG.

Cases for Conveying Small Fruits to Market.

A convenient, simple, light and cheap set of drawers, or flat boxes, for conveying berries to market in quantity, much used in some portions of the West, is constructed in the following manner, and may be found valuable to many cultivators.

1st. Prepare five drawers, each 2 feet long and 20 inches wide, and 2 inches deep in the clear. It is best to have them made of pine, three eighths inches thick. It is most convenient to have the stuff all sawed the same width, say 24 inches wide, and use it this width for the bottom, leaving them about one-sixteenth of an inch apart for ventilation. The front and back sides of each drawer should extend three-quarters of an inch beyond the ends. Next, provide two strips of strong wood—white ash, for example—2 inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick. These should be of the same length as the sides of the box, so that when placed lengthwise under the box, they may project three-quarters of an inch beyond the ends. Nail these strips so that they shall be lengthwise under the bottom, and three-eighths of an inch from the outer part of the sides. The nails may be driven through the bottom down into the strips. Then nail to the box four similar strips, placed vertically, so that their ends shall rest on these projecting pieces, and strengthen the connection by sheet-iron straps passing around the corners.

When the boxes are used, the lower one is filled with berries; then the next one is placed upon it, the projections exactly fitting the posts—this is next filled, and so on successively till the five drawers are all filled, and in their places within the posts.

Cut a board for a lid so as to fit accurately inside of these upright posts, which should be just long enough to project slightly above the lid. There should be open mortices or slats in the top of each post so as to admit two top pieces, made the same size as the bottom pieces already described, and with tenons cut on the ends to fit the slats. When these pieces are put in their places and fastened there by means of iron pins through them, or by means of hinged iron straps running over them and keying closely down, the lid will then be held securely to its place, and the whole set of drawers with its contents will be ready for railway conveyance. Additional strips extending across the ends from post to post (which may be nailed outside of them), serve as handles and strengthen the whole.

It will be observed that the case, consisting almost entirely of drawers, is very light. The arrangement of strips around the drawers, securely fastened at the corners, makes the case very strong. Berries can be put into these drawers in bulk, which is probably the best way; or any of the boxes in use can be placed in them. They are very cheap—a good carpenter can make four in a day complete; the whole cost, made in the best manner, will not exceed \$1.50 for a case holding 24 or 3 bushels.

An Amateur. Your grape cuttings should be planted as early in the spring as the ground will work mellow and lively. Cuttings of all kinds should be put in the ground early. In the moist, cool weather of early spring the end in the ground will callose; rootlets will issue, and the cutting will be prepared to withstand the dry weather of summer. All cuttings, however, should be made and put away in the fall. They can be packed away in the cellar, or, what is better, put in bunches, and stood up in narrow trenches and covered with soil. Spring made cuttings do not amount to much.

G. Main, Wisconsin. Good grape and fruit land can be purchased on the I.M.R.R., at from \$5 to \$10 per acre—say 25 to 50 miles south of St. Louis. Some little improvement generally to be had at this price. Land lays high and healthy. The land is good for sheep and fair for all the cereals—excellent for grapes and orchards. Peevely, Bailey's, Hemetite, Victoria, De Soto, and other stations on the road, are good places to look for fruit lands. Land is all high and rolling, good water and as healthy a country as is to be found anywhere. No trouble to be apprehended from guerillas.

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF RICHARD GENTRY.

We are pained to chronicle the demise of one of Missouri's noblest sons. Richard Gentry departed this life on the 16th of January, aged 57 years and 4 months.

Mr. Gentry was one of those who has succeeded in life by his own industry, economy and indomitable perseverance. He was a most successful tiller of the soil, having amassed a large fortune, and possessing, at the time of his death, altogether the finest and best regulated farm in Missouri.

Born of humble parentage, in Madison Co., Ky., his earliest recollections were of the scenes and associations connected with border warfare and life in the Boonslick country in the, then, Missouri territory, whither his father emigrated in 1809. His father, with others, constructed a fort and defended themselves against the hostile Indians. Here he resided, becoming injured to all the privations and customs of border life till 1825, when he settled in Pettis county, very near the spot where his remains now lie.

We have neither space nor time to speak of Mr. Gentry as we would like. Early in life he adopted one rule, and by it he lived—"honesty, industry, perseverance"—a rule which will secure to any man not only the means of subsistence, but of independence.

As a tiller of the soil, Mr. Gentry was a model man. A careful reader—he sought and availed himself of every scientific improvement applicable to farming purposes.

With a plantation of 6,000 acres, a very large portion of which was under cultivation, he managed every department with skill and success.

Many years ago he began to devote his attention to sheep husbandry. Whilst he kept on his farm the finest cattle and horses, he still retained his flock of sheep, deriving, as he often told us, more profit from them than from any other kind. It was his particular forte to have fine sheep, of which he possessed, at the time of his death, not less than 4,000.

As a gentleman, he was hospitable, courteous, affable, possessing rare conversational powers. Those who have visited Mr. Gentry at his house, will not soon forget his ready anecdotes and his instructive words—especially when touching upon agricultural topics.

All who knew him will regret his departure. Pettis county will not soon possess his equal again.

"Weep not for him who dieth,
For he sleeps and is at rest;
And the couch whereon he lieth,
Is the green earth's quiet breast." C.

NOTICES BY THE PRESS.

Our contemporaries of the Press thus favorably notice our Journal, and to them we tender our cordial thanks:

The Tribune, Warrensburg, Mo., says: The publication of the "Rural World" has been commenced by N. J. Colman, St. Louis, Mo., taking the place of the Valley Farmer. It is now issued semi-monthly. Every farmer should have a copy.

The Canton Press, Canton, Mo., says: Among the periodicals that should have a place in every farm house, we may notice the Rural World, with its beautiful and appropriate heading. It gives a large amount of choice reading as well as the usual quantum of miscellaneous matter.

The Journal, Atchison, Mo., says: The typographical appearance of this paper is greatly improved, and we feel confident it will now meet a hearty welcome at the farm-house. We hope our reading farmers will support this paper as it deserves.

The Grand River News, Albany, Mo., says: This excellent and delightful agricultural paper is elegantly printed, and has literary and juvenile departments combined with the agricultural. We pronounce it a success and urge our farmers to subscribe for it.

The Missouri Beacon, Mexico, Mo., says: We have received the "Rural World" for February. Mr. Colman has been long identified with agricultural pursuits in Missouri; and has had experience as an agricultural editor for a number of years, and hence has the qualifications for giving, as he does, a valuable paper for farmers.

PURE CANE SEED FOR SALE.

CHOICE LOTS OF THE BEST VARIETIES.

(Early and Late) of now at hand

SORGHO & IMPHEE Seed

Of our own selection, and

WARRANTED TO BE PURE.

Orders for seed should be sent in early. Seed Circular and Sorgho and Imphee Book sent free.

BLYMYER, BATES & DAY,

Manufacturers of Cook's Evaporator, Cane Mills, &c.

11 MANSFIELD, OHIO.



BALL'S OHIO MOWER AND REAPER.

We are making this justly celebrated Machine, and farmers wishing to purchase, would do well to send in their orders early.

For particulars and prices, send for circulars.

Kingslands & Ferguson,

Corner of Second and Cherry Sts., St. Louis.

Feb 15-74

FIRST NUMBER EXHAUSTED.

Such has been the increase in our subscription list since we changed the form of our Journal that the edition of Jan. 1 is entirely exhausted. Subscribers not receiving that number will therefore make a note of it, and their subscriptions will commence from Jan. 15th. This will not in any way hurt them, as each number is complete in itself.

COMMERCIAL.

ST. LOUIS WHOLESALE MARKET.

TOBACCO—Market is tolerably active. Sales included 8 hds green and damaged lugs from \$6 50@8 00; 8 hds factory lugs from \$8 40@9 40; 2 hds planters' do from \$10 00@12 00; 6 hds common shipping leaf from \$14 25@17; 5 hds medium do from \$16 25@23 75; 5 hds good do from \$25@28; 4 boxes from \$9@18 75 per 100 lbs.

COTTON—Sales 15 bales low middling at 7 1/2c.

FLOUR—Market dull. Sales 300 brls superfine at \$6 75, delivered; 200 brls choice superfine at \$7 25; 130 brls double extra at \$9 25; 15 brls B. W. flour at \$6, and 8 brls do at \$8 1/2 barrel.

WHEAT—Sales 170 sks spring at \$1 67; 38 sks fair fall at \$1 82; 112 sks good at \$1 87; and 4,000 sks choice at \$2 1/2 bushel.

CORN—The market dull. Sales 170 sks in second-hand bags at \$1 14; 3,583 sks mixed at \$1 15; 330 sks do at \$1 15; 209 sks white from \$1 25@1 28; 360 sks mixed white at \$1 22.

OATS—Sales 162 sks at 91c; 920 sks at 93c 1/2 bushel.

RYE—Market dull; sales 150 sks at \$1 20 1/2 bushel.

BARLEY—Good qualities in demand; sales 160 sks spring at \$1 67; 60 sks fall at \$1 81; and 190 sks do at \$1 90 1/2 bushel.

PORK—Sales 300 brls mess at \$37 50 1/2 brl.

HAY—Sales 300 bales prime at \$21; 60 bales timothy at \$28 1/2 ton.

BEANS—Sale of 14 brls at \$2 50 1/2 bushel.

SEEDS—Sales 12 sks Hungarian at \$2 50; 3 brls timothy at \$5 75; and 8 brls clover at \$14 50 1/2 bushel.

ONIONS—Sales 50 brls at \$5, and 100 at \$4 75 1/2 bushel.

HIDES—8 bolls sold at 19c, and 11 do sold at 19 1/2c 1/2 lb.

BUTTER—Sales 11 kegs from 35 to 39c 1/2 pound.

CATTLE—Market during the past week has been active for good shipping cattle. There is no change in the prices of common cattle; sales were made of 372 head, ranging from common to prime, at from 34 to 74c gross.

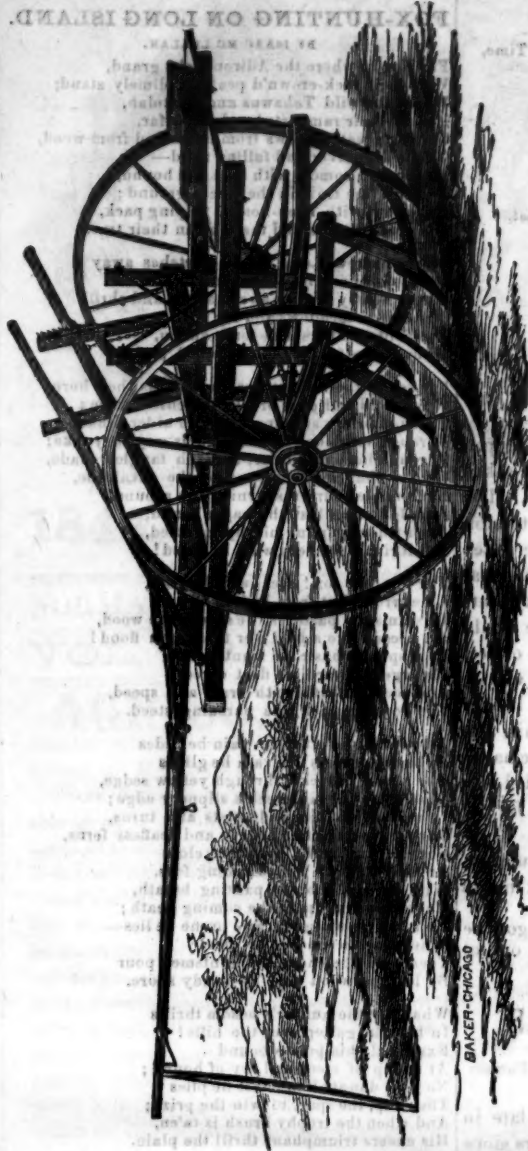
HOGS—Sale of a lot of 85 head, averaging 195 lbs, at 10 1/2c 1/2 lb.

SHEEP—Sales 750 head from \$5 75 to \$7 1/2 100 lbs. Over 400 head in market remain unsold.

HEMP—Sales of undressed include 15 bls inferior at \$185; 01 do common at \$137 50; 22 do do at \$138; 333 do do in lots, at \$140; 123 bls fair, in lots, at \$145; 109 bales good fair to good at \$150; 11 do good at \$155, and 167 bls prime at \$160 1/2 ton. There was an active movement and large sales of tow in the latter part of last week, comprising nearly or quite all on the market, viz: 36 bales inferior, baled at \$100; 111 do fair do at \$105; 540 bls prime, part to arrive, at \$107@108; 105 tons do at \$110, and 60 bls covered do at \$115 1/2 ton. Today 158 bls undressed hemp were reported at \$150 1/2 ton.

LARD—20 and 150 tierces prime and choice kettle at 21c, and 15 tierces choice do at 22c 1/2 lb.

GROCERIES—Cuba sugars have continued to sell from 22 to 23 1/2c, and Louisiana from 24 to 25@26c 1/2 lb for new and old, as in quality. Rio coffee at 45@47c 1/2 lb for fair to choice. Molasses has ruled quiet and steady, reboiled and plantation at \$1 40@1 20, and new plantation at \$1 37 1/2@1 40 1/2 gallon. Rice steady at 16 1/2@17c 1/2 lb.



Hawkeye CORN CULTIVATOR.

Herewith we present out of this celebrated Cultivator on Wheels, acknowledged by all to be the simplest, most durable, and most easily managed Cultivator yet introduced: any boy capable of driving can manage it with the greatest ease.

We are sole agents for Missouri and part of Illinois.

Also, agents for the

BUCKEYE Corn Planter,

And the Renowned

BUCKEYE REAPER AND MOWER.

For the superiority of the above machines over all others, we are prepared to produce hundreds of recommendations from large and reliable farmers from all parts of the country.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all descriptions of

MACHINERY

Necessary to the Farmer.

Sole Agents for

LANDRETH'S
Warranted

GARDEN SEEDS, CROP 1864.

BLUNDEN, KOENIG & CO.

Western Agricultural Depot & Seed Store,

No. 56 North Second Street, above Pine, St. Louis, Mo.

Almanacs for 1865 and Illustrated Catalogue Furnished Gratis.

GRAVOIS GARDEN AND NURSERY, CORNER OF GRAVOIS ROAD AND KING'S HIGHWAY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

I beg leave to inform my friends and patrons that my Spring Catalogue of GREENHOUSE and BEDDING OUT PLANTS, is now ready for distribution. I would call particular attention to my very large stock of VERBENAS, consisting of upwards of 70 fine varieties; also, my collection of Heliotropes, Geraniums, Fuchsias, Lantanas, Roses, &c.

DAHLIAS—My collection is well known to be the best in the West. Gladiolus, Tuberoses, Lilies, Madeira Vine, and other Bulbous Roots, of which I have an excellent stock. My stock of SMALL FRUITS is very large.

Of GRAPES, I have Concord, Delaware, Hartford Prolific, Norton's Virginia Seedling and all other desirable native varieties.

A fine assortment of fresh Flower Seeds, kept constantly on hand.

Sale Depot at the Western Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, No. 56 North Second street, St. Louis, Mo. Send your address. Catalogues gratis. Orders should be addressed to. HENRY MICHEL, 2Feb1] No. 56 North Second St. Saint Louis, Mo.



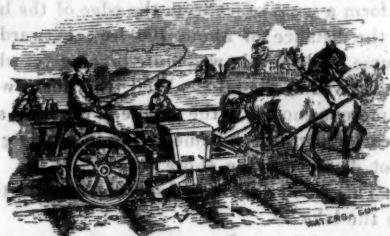
Home Grown Trees and Vines.

30,000 Concord Vines. 5,000 Hartford Prolific 10,000 Delaware. 5,000 Norton's Va. And a good supply of Herbesmont, Taylor, Rebecca, Diana and other choice sorts. 5,000 standard Pears, 10,000 Dwarf Pears. 5,000 Peaches. 10,000 Apple. And a good supply of Cherries, Plums, and Small Fruits. ALL OF GOOD QUALITY AND VERY CHEAP. Send for the price of what you want to buy.

Sales and Packing Lot Cor. 7th and Olive.

Nursery on Grand Avenue,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

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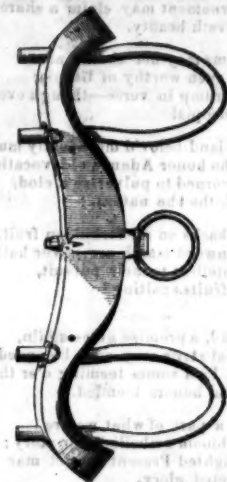
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Barnum, Fenner & Co.
St. Louis, January, 1865.

POETS' CORNER.

Columbia—A Patriotic Horticultural Poem.

Read before the Missouri State Horticultural Society,
January 11, 1895.

BY R. S. ELLIOTT, ST. LOUIS.

Well met we are, as friends of culture, here;
Friends of decorum, also, and propriety;
Yet, 'midst our prose may not some rhyme appear,
In Horticultural Society?

Not food and fleece alone demand our care;
Not fruits luxurious make up our duty;
Something for ornament may claim a share—
For nature loveth beauty.

Pomona's pilgrims may her shrine adorn
With flowers, even worthy of Utopia;
And sound her trump in verse—though every horn
Is not a Cornucopia!

None may their land below more justly laud,
Than they who honor Adam's old vocation;
Who have not scorned to pulverise a clod,
To feed and clothe the nation.

Who turn their backs on all forbidden fruit,
But in their onward march are never halting;
And bringing intellect to their pursuit,
Are all good fruits exalting!

Hope, now in bud, a promise gives again,
That fratricidal strife may soon be ended;
While the great Past comes teeming o'er the brain,
With worth and honors blended.

The Past is yet a part of what we are!
Still doth its bloom embellish our story;
For even the blighted Present cannot mar
Our past perfected glory.

'Twas a rich heritage from noble sires—
A heritage of honor, broad and ample;
And as should glow the patriotic fires,
Alight by their example.

A garden spot to till they left us here—
And all inhaled they left it, and in order;
Trusting Posterity from year to year
To weed out all disorder.

If noxious plants exuberant have grown;
If poison-like the Uprae, hath infected;
Be to the flames the deadly herbage thrown!
The deadly bane ejected!

Empires had risen and faded from the earth,
As exhalations of a summer morning—
When Time in fullness brought Columbia's birth,
His oris page adorning.

She entered into life 'mid sighs and tears,
And travail of a pericidal quarrel;
But, lo! matured in lustre she appears,
And crowned with deathless laurel!

Oh, she was queen of beauty and of power!
Grace in her step, and in her eye enchantment!
And never nation, from her natal hour,
Had equalled her advancement!

Came from the four winds pilgrims to her shrine;
Homes for the toiling millions in her bosom;
Rich her domain in fleece and corn and wine,
And gem'd with fragrant blossom!

And she did grow and burgeon, as a tree
That shades and shelters all who come a-nigh it;
And tempest-rude—come it from land or sea—
She boldly might defy it!

Deep were the roots, and wide the branches thrown!
Calm the safe shelter, where the weary rested;
And all had plenty, gather'd as their own,
Unharm'd and unmoled.

Seem'd her domain the Paradise of toil!
Spread like an Eden was her ample garden;
Blest in her clime, and in her wealthy soil,
The husbandman rewarding!

And garnered in abundance were her stores:
For Ceres here had builded up her altar!
At famine's cry from Erin's blasted shores,
She did not wait or falter.

Too feeble pen, her excellence to show;
Too feeble tongue, her excellence to tell;
Coming in volumes o'er the fancy now,
Like old Atlantic swelling.

Oh, never sun on such a land did look!
Oh, never cloud o'er like domain had floated!
Never, in land so fair, had river roll'd, or brook,
Or cataract disported!

Lakes that do mirror heaven's starry frame,
Streams that out-reach old Nile or the Indus;
Meadows, unmeasur'd as her boundless fame—
And mountains and forests endless.

And in the depths of earth the fossil store,
That moves the engine, and the lamp is lighting,
And precious mines, where Ophir's wealth, or more,
In blessing men, or blighting.

And man in millions, worthy of her smile;
And nations, in their worth all else exceeding!
Such was Columbia! So blest, so white,
Though now so torn and bleeding.

And she did grow and burgeon, as a tree
Where birds' caress, or feed the nestlings tender;
And sturdy men were proud her sons to be,
To guard her and defend her.

Taught were the nations all from pole to pole,
And round the glowing girdle of equator,
That, claiming over others no control,
She how'd to no dictator.

For haughty Albion her might had known;
For Gaul's arrogant her voice had heeded;
Demanding of the nations but her own
Her own was all conceded.

And proudly waved her banner on the sea!
And proudly rode her ship in distant haven!
And proudly strode her sons, so hale and free!
Not onward they or craven.

And lands remotest wonder'd at her name,
Wen to the spiny isles of orient ocean!
Art, science, labor—these achieved her fame,
And gain'd her high promotion.

Lore, in his sober garb, sat in her hall,
Expounding mystery of past or present;
Creeds, Tongues and Systems, Fact and Fancy—all
That Cross approves, or Crescent.

And round the circle of her household fire
Were dream of poesy and fiction's fable;
Music, dulcet as of Orpheus' lyre—
Wit for Olympian table!

And she did grow and burgeon: as a tree
Fruit-laden, and with sweets the soul bewitching;
A landmark to the mariner at sea—
On land the world enriching!

For she did smite the solid rock that held
The wondrous mysteries of forces, hidden;
And even the elements her wand impelled
To service at her bidding.

Her Sage the lightning beckon'd to his hand,
As comes the prancing steed at beck of master;
And words did throb in wires o'er the land,
Like thought—or faster.

Leviathan she prison'd on the deep,
A toiling monster in the iron boiler;
And 'gainst the wind or tide her bark did sweep,
For merchant or despoiler.

Oh, Franklin! Morse! what magic have ye wrought—
That almost proves mythology no fiction!
Jove's mighty thunderbolt your art hath caught,
And train'd to bear our diction.

John Fitch! sleep quiet by Ohio's tide!
Fulton! repose thee in an easy slumber!
For o'er the rivers and the oceans glide
Your steamers beyond number.

The racking brain, its labor o'er, is calm;
The broken spirit needs no tardy plaudit;
Yet now your genius hath its meed of fame,
And men do vie to laud it!

Instinct with life, not there alone we find
The giant engine, on the stream or ocean;
Its brother giant copeth with the wind
In landward locomotion!

Speeds the long train for lapsing mile and mile,
Bearing the riches of the western prairie;
And curves through Alleghania's defile,
Or climbs her mountains airy!

And vocal now with industry our plains,
The wilderness no more, but city—village—
Or model farm, where thrift with order reigns,
In grazing or in tillage!

O'er the fair bosom of the mighty West,
Are orchard, vineyard, garden, all a-spreading;
Farm, hamlet, home, in honest glories drest—
Labor the wine-press treading!

Old Kings of Egypt squander'd life and limb,
Their grand mysterious Pyramids compiling;
The stately sepulchre, the monarch's whim—
Or victor's trophy, piling!

But what are those dead monuments, to-day?
Stupendous stones, telling of wondrous labors?
Compared with them—how grand our iron way,
Making remote men neighbors!

Sleep on old king—nor heed the vapor stream!
Start not from cold sarcophagus, in panic!
Rest, mummy monarch! ignorant of steam,
And modern world's mechanic!

Eloquent your Pyramids, of wasted toil;
Our roads, of progress, culture, and facility;
Monuments, the one of human wrong and spoil,
The other of utility.

No lofty pyramid, no Karnak's fane,
No Sphinx, no Memnon, calls up emulation;
We rather turn to where your flooded plain
May show us irrigation!

Sleep on old king—nor wake up now to find
Your claims to glory treated as preposterous;
George Stephenson, in service to mankind,
We rank above Sesostris!

His day is past—the monarch of the Nile!
Gone are his vassal Kings, with tribute vowe!
Yet, was his courtier, with a fawning smile,
Moved by a loco-motive!

Columbia grew and burgeon'd; as a tree
Bountiful of joy, and scarcely bearing sorrow!
Not her the ashen apples, by the sea
Of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Yea—she did grow and burgeon, as a tree,
Shapely and beautiful, towering to Heaven!
A stately growth, that none had dreamed to see,
By fatal bolt all riven.

But lightning rives the monarch of the wild;
Proud cities crumble in the earthquake, rocking;
Blasted the store for which the farmer toiled,
Lost by fate's cruel mocking!

And she was growing in majestic might—
No goal beyond the reach of her progression;
When sudden, withering, came the blast and blight
Of madness, with recession.

Grated unusual sounds upon her ear;
Raving her sons, bereft of sober reason;
Smitten her heart with anguish, while a tear
She dropt o'er wayward treason.

And war hath marred her beauty for the day;
And war hath planted sorrows in her bosom;
But winter's leafless season glides away,
And Spring renews the blossom.

The winter stern of violence and crime,
The carnival of death—the season bloody—
Shall lapse and fade. For onward courseth Time,
O'erwhelming even Shoddy!

Again Columbia herself appears!
Again the peerless and exalted nation!
Renew'd her robes; effaced the traces of tears,
And marks of desolation!

For there will come a day of Peace at last;
And all shall join anew in useful labors;
And, taught by griefs and sorrows, haply past,
May learn to love their neighbors.

God bless our land! the Paradise of toil!
Scarcely a better was old Adam dressing!
'Tis some small consolation for his fall,
We've yet such varied blessing.

And we, the devotees of culture, here
Renewing vows before Pomona's altar,
Enlisted for another toiling year,
May die—but may not falter.

AN IRISHMAN'S JOKE.—An Irishman stepped
into a butcher's shop, the other day, and asked
for twenty cents' worth of fresh pork. The
pork was weighed out and handed over to him.
Finding that he had got only a pound, he asked
the butcher the price of beef, and found that
he could get two pounds of beef for twenty cents
—thereupon he asked the butcher if he would
oblige him by giving him two pounds of beef
for the pork. The butcher told him he would,
and weighed out the beef and handed it over
to him, taking back the pork. Upon this, the
man started home. The butcher then demand-
ed pay for the beef. The Irishman replied—
"An-shure didn't I give you the pork for the
beef?"
"Then pay me for the pork," said the butcher.
"Faith, and is it the pork you want me to
pay for, when you have got it yourself?"
"Well," says the butcher, "you have got the
best of the argument, but I know I am out of
the meat—but go on."

SPORTING MATTERS.

[Written for the Rural World and Valley Farmer
A KICKING GUN.

Friend Joe H. and myself one day, late in
the fall of the year—not a thousand years since
—when ducks were plentiful in what is called
Breeze's Lake, in Illinois, concluded to try
our luck in the sporting line; so arming and
equipping ourselves as the sportsmen direct, we
hastened to the ferry boat and the scene of our
ambition, as fast as "shanks" mare" would al-
low. The night previous had been cold enough
to form a scum of ice from the edge of the lake
to the distance of about 100 feet, outward of
course, and the air was quite bracing yet when
we arrived at the lake. Well, the ducks were
numerous enough in the middle of the lake, and
occasionally a flock came flying in nearly gun-
shot distance to the shore.

"This won't do," says Joe; "let's go further
up the lake."

"Agreed," says I.

We walked about three-fourths of a mile, I
should judge, and still prospects for a shot were
getting no better fast. We stopped near a fall-
en tree, whose top lay out in the lake, and by
going out on the trunk of the tree, could get a
glimpse around a sharp point to further up the
lake. Well, Joe, nothing daunted, walks out
to a limb on the tree, where, underneath
him, the water was about four feet deep. Whilst
in this position, steadying himself as best he
could, he espied a fine flock of Mallards coming
towards him in easy gunshot distance. Being
an old sportsman (none other can realize the
temptation when a good shot presents itself),
he made ready for the trial, knowing full well
of the kicking proclivities of his "faithful double
fine twist"—made centre of gravity calcula-
tions, and slightly throwing himself forward as
he pulled the trigger, supposed the gun would
kick him back all right—but the "faithful"
piece missed fire, and—plump! went Joe, gun
and all, in the water, headfirst! Well, such a
spluttering, and ugh! ugh! ugh! as he went
through, was ludicrous in the extreme. Well,
we had no time to laugh until he was out, and
a roaring fire of old rails, limbs and cordwood,
was making his clothes smoke, and the chatter
had left his jaws, when he explained the trick
he performed by diving off the log. The gun
missed fire as he threw himself forward, and
overbalanced him and his calculations. He re-
ceived a quietus to his hunting ambition for
that day—soon dried his clothes, and we wended
our way home, one man wiser, if not two.

More anon. S. D. W.

FOX-HUNTING ON LONG ISLAND.

BY ISAAC MC LILLAN.

Far North, where the Adirondacks grand,
With their rock-crown'd peaks sublimely stand;
Where the wild Tabawus and Onkolah,
Pile up their ramparts lonely and far,
Casting great shadows from ledge and from wood,
O'er boiling river and falling flood—
The hunter comes, with rifle and hound,
To mark the trail in the forest ground;
To follow, with keen-nosed, yelping pack,
The deer, the fox and the wolf in their track.

Where narrow Long Island stretches away
Its level shores, by ocean and bay,
Where wintry breezes sweep sharp and shrill
O'er frozen meadows and icy rill,
The bold cavaliers ride forth amain,
To hunt the fox o'er the withered plain.

Far sound their shoutings, far sounds their horn,
When cold and gray breaks the chilly morn;
Through briery swamps, through alder brake,
Through scrub oak thickets, their way they take;
Through bush and briar, through tangled glade,
Like a charging troop sweeps the cavalcade,
Each noble courser spurning the ground,
And following fast the eager hound;
Each rider spurring his flying steed,
Till it rivals the very wind in speed!

The fox, the fox! see, away he goes,
Like arrow shot from Indian bows;
He skims the pastures, he scours the wood,
He speeds like a bird o'er the frozen flood!
In desperate haste, in frantic fear,
He urges forward his fleet career,
And seeks to baffle with craft and speed,
The howling pack, the pursuing steed.

All vain his efforts; in vain he hides
In bushy covert; in vain he glides
O'er sandy hillocks, through yellow sedge,
That hem the salt creek's slippery edge;
In vain he doubles and twists and turns,
Through horse-brier hedges and leafless ferns,
For, fast and fierce, relentless close
Around his path the swarming foes,
With falling limb and panting breath,
He yields him up to the coming death;
He reels, he staggers, and prone he lies—
A helpless victim—so he dies!
Then loud the cheer the huntmen pour
By leafless wood and by sandy shore.

What joy the hunter's bosom thrills
In his mad gallop over the hills!
Exultingly his pulses bound
At tramp of steed and cry of hound;
No peril daunts him—fast he plies
The whip, the spur, to win the prize;
And when the trophy brush is ta'en,
His cheers triumphant thrill the plain.

Make wine of GRAPES, and you will have a
PURE wine—a drink that won't hurt any one,
not even an invalid. Wine made of anything
else than grapes, is not wine, and is unfit to
drink. It is hurtful to a weak stomach, where-
as, grape or proper wine is beneficial, acting as
a tonic. Dispense with your wretched stuff—
"domestic" wines. Raise grapes, and make
wine of them.

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